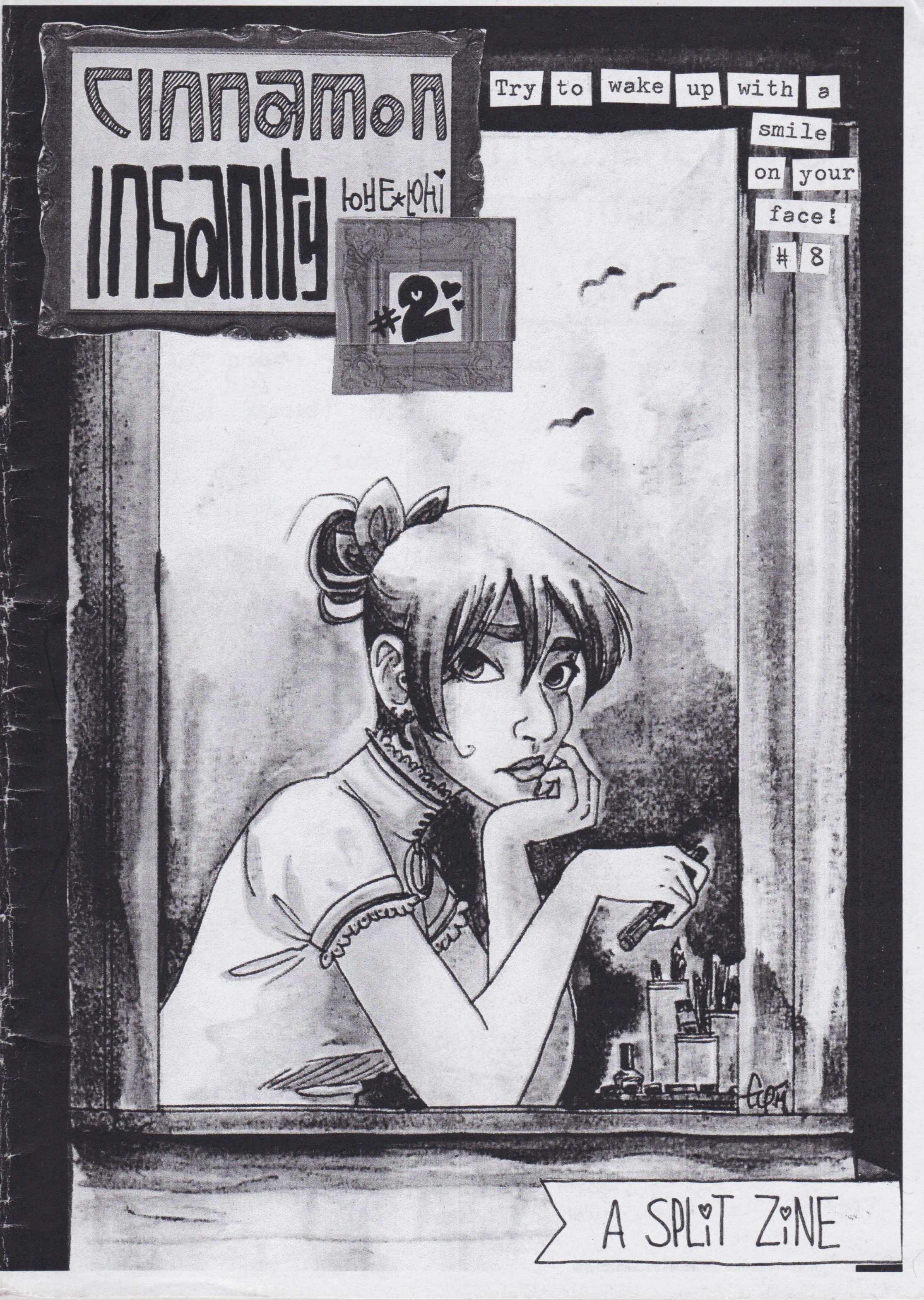

Cinnamon Insanity
loHE*LoHi
#2
Try to wake up with a smile on your face!
8
A SPLiT ZiNE

ACHTUNG!

Sie verlassen den öffentlichen Raum.

intro

CiNNAMON iNSANiTY #2!!

Wow, it's been literal years since the first issue of my perzine! If you are reading this now, thank Chriz for doing this split zine with me (because I obviously need deadlines & commitment to get shit done). ♡

This is a zine about something completely different than it was supposed to be. Sorry for the spontaneous/thoughtless "layout" and handwriting. (my typewriter is broken but I tried to write as ledgible as possible!! ♡♡)

I guess all this reflects the mess in my head and general state of upheaval I'm in quite accurately.

XOXO Eφ ♡



Chriz says:

It all started with that beautiful postcard invitation (see back cover) and led to this piece of passion for pen & paper. Can't wait to finally watch and read Ephi's part of the zine 'cause I love her style!

Introduction:

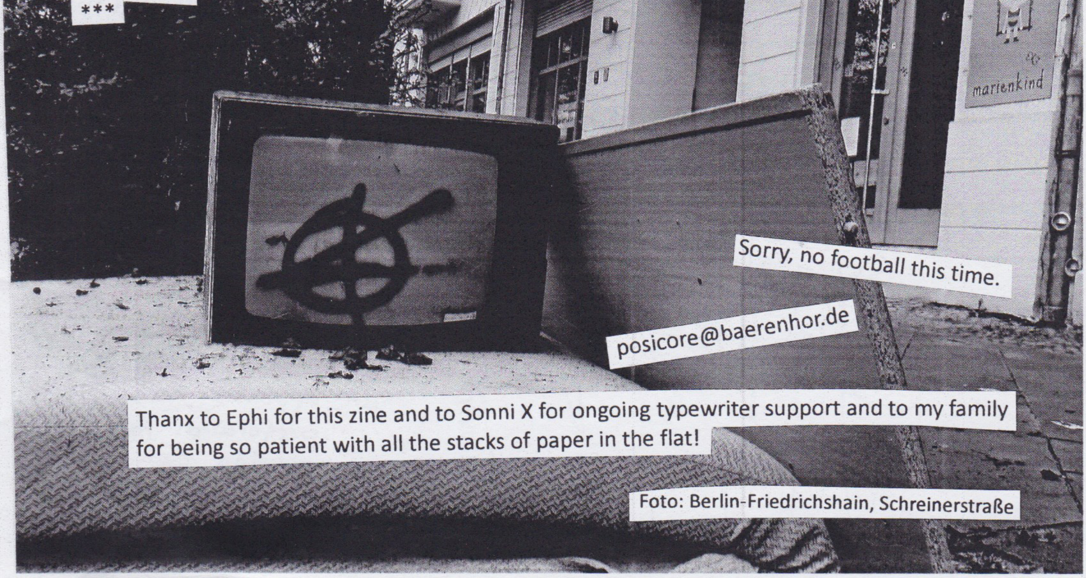
[Chriz de Børg]

This is pretty much a per-zine, at least this 8th issue. The broken English is real, I'm not coquetting with it, hehe. Wait until you hear me speaking with this typical distinctive strong German accent. So the question's coming up, why not writing in my mother tongue? Well, to avoid a bi-lingual zine and it makes fun anyway, at least for me. I'm really happy about this collaboration with *Cinnamon Insanity.* I just love Ephi's drawings and way of writing!
I guess this will be one of a dozen or even more zines that were made/finished for this year's Berlin Zine Fest. And this is the right occasion for doing a split zine, because I got attention of her zine through the 1st fest 3 years ago.
It was a quite strange experience on that festival in 2011, because for me unexpectedly there weren't many punk fanzines represented or punks presenting their zines. Well, I am interessted in a big scope of zines, also in art stuff, so I accordingly appreciated the chance to have a look beyond the classic zine horizon. But the vibe was totally different to what I was used to from the zine-scene in the early noughties. For me making zines means believing in d.i.y. - do it yourself (or d.i.t. - do it together, it's up to you which term you prefer) and living the idea of the d.i.y. in this context (not within the meaning of neo-liberal self exploitation) always meant to me trading/sharing zines with others and communicating about it. Well, to make a long story short, I was first irritated and then amused about most of the fancy-arty-farty hippster fashion victims, getting nervous or confused while being asked for trades with a scrappy b/w photocopied punk fanzine like mine. But I got to know as well some nice zines and lovely zinsters! And now I'm curious about this weekend's festival in SFE/Mehringhof.

Berlin, November 2014

*** *Ephi says:*

First things first: I think Chriz wins the Best Zine Title Ever Award hands down.
Try to wake up with a smile on your face. Just looking at the cover of his zines makes me remember the beauty of life and the importance of a positive attitude (cheesy but true!). Thanks, Chriz!
It's funny because I'm generally very much lackadaisical when it comes to football. Nevertheless, I love Chriz' zines. Even when he writes about football (which he does a lot) it's about his *experience* of it. I also always enjoy the parts about his kids. And his collage collections. And the reviews, and, and.... Let's just say: I don't even know yet what he wrote but I do know I'm super excited about this split zine!♥
***



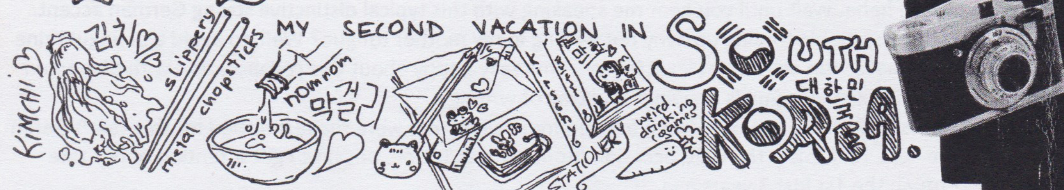
Sorry, no football this time.

posicore@baerenhor.de

Thanx to Ephi for this zine and to Sonni X for ongoing typewriter support and to my family for being so patient with all the stacks of paper in the flat!

Foto: Berlin-Friedrichshain, Schreinerstraße

Originally, THIS SHOULD HAVE BECOME A ZINE ABOUT MY SECOND VACATION IN SOUTH KOREA.



HOWEVER, AS SO OFTEN IS THE CASE, LIFE HAPPENED AND I NEVER GOT ON THAT FLIGHT TO SEOUL. INSTEAD I SPENT MOST OF THIS SUMMER IN HOSPITAL AND ON SICK LEAVE.

[I also need to write smaller or else this is gonna be a million pages].

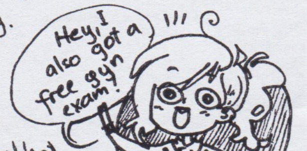
Everything started on a Tuesday morning with abdominal pain that made me call in sick despite pressing deadlines (I am a diligent workaholic that goes to work no matter what). I thought it was an especially bad stomach bug and intended to go to the doctor the next day when I'd feel a bit better to get some antibiotics and be done with it.



However, the next morning the excruciating pain hadn't gotten any better. I dragged myself to the doctor's office in slow-motion. He didn't give me antibiotics. He stuck me into an ambulance and sent me to the next hospital with suspected acute appendicitis.

So I spent all of Wednesday on a bed in the emergency ward (and various places on its hallways), got shipped back and forth from/to different checks and tests and ended up on the surgeon's table in the evening.





Well, that little fucker of an appendix was already perforated. Next morning when I shortly had to get up with the help of

a nurse so they could make my bed I cried and screamed in pain. I don't know if I've been in that much pain before.

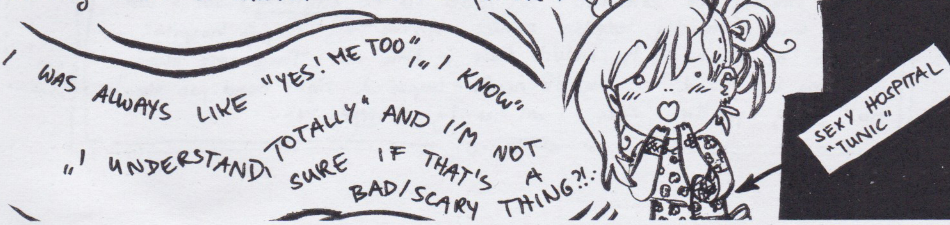
I didn't leave out any complications either. It's like I had a checklist (I love checklists. But not this kind.). Since it was already pretty bad when they operated, I had lots of inflammatory fluids in the abdominal cavity and shit. And the fever wouldn't go down.

I didn't like to drink too much because every walk to the toilet in our room was hell and took for AGES. I regretted that I'd chosen the (farthes away from the bathroom) window-side bed when they'd asked me.



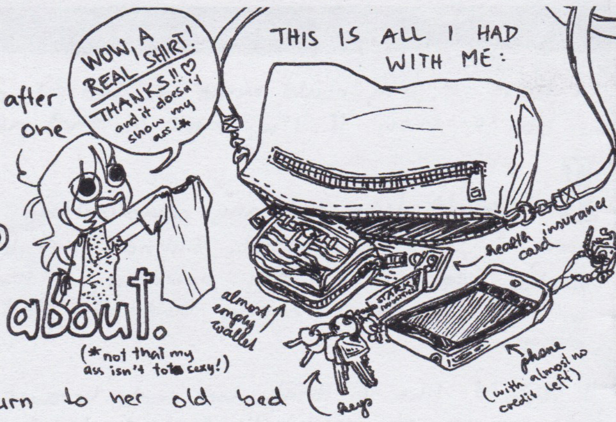
It was a 2-bed room and my first roomie was an old lady called Ursel. She was there to get her stomach removed (due to cancer). I liked her a lot but we had to part ways after only one day because she got transfered to intensive care after her surgery.

My second roommate was a forty-something woman that was probably sent by some sarcastic highes power. I loved her and we talked a lot (what else to do in a hospital bed?? Only crap on the telly and too exhausted to draw or read). She also loved to paint. She told me she was in "early retirement". Burn out. She had liked hes job but it almost killed hes. We had a lot to talk about. We had a lot in common. The more we talked the more it felt like looking into a mirror - in the future.



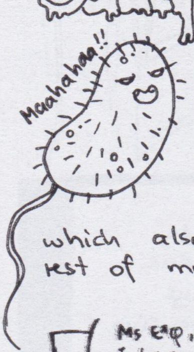
She was allowed to leave after a few days but she left me one of her night shirts -- and alot of

STUFF to think about.



I was happy to see Ursel return to her old bed next to mine the day after.
I felt a little better - good enough to get some water from the corridor in sloth mode - and helped her with little things and we kind of grew together.

Sadly, she had some complications and was moved to a "monitoring room" or something. I met her cute husband and asked him where they had transfered her so I could go visit her. Unfortunately, I got the results of the analysis of my yucky bag fluids the same day. They found some strains of multiresistant hospital superbugs and I was put in some sort of mini-quarantaine immediately - which also meant no contact to other patients at all for the rest of my stay.





[I was mostly too exhausted to draw (or do <u>anything</u>) but I did make some hardly ledgible comics during my stay in hospital, a few of which I'll include here in this zine. They were done with my left hand or my IV-needle-impaired right hand, so they're not very pretty. Also, I was heavily drugged, heh.]

Generally, it was shocking to me how fast one's overall constitution deteriorates after surgery and some time in a hospital bed. Sickness and mortality are always so distant and almost surreal when oneself isn't (directly or indirectly) affected. My own suffering and that of the other patients around me (some of which had it far worse) made me very aware of that.

BUT

I also realized what <u>amazing</u> friends I've made here in Berlin, especially with my derby team mates.

I'd arrived at the hospital with only my tiny bag with my wallet, keys, and cellphone, plus the clothes I had on my body. My team mates brought me t-shirts, bought me fresh underwear and books and comics. They lended me their laptop (which I was too tired to use) and mp3-player, they bought me vegan yoghurt and cared for my rats. But most importantly:

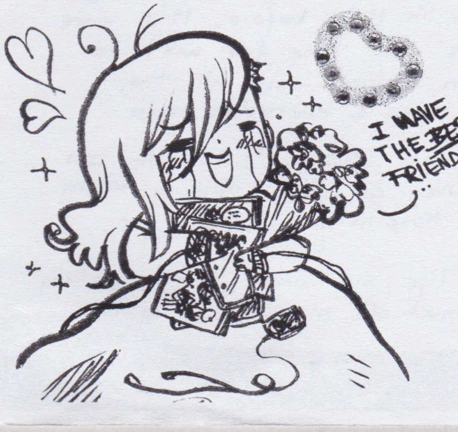
♡ ♡ THEY CAME. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

[not THAT way, pervs!!]

They were with me and provided me with derby news and stories from the "outside world", they came to visit and entertain me - even when I didn't say much myself and was a rather boring, exhausted conversational partner.

I got so many text messages and phone calls from my colleagues.

One of them brought me a funny book about Korea and flowers and rode his bike to the office on a Sunday to get me my glasses which I had forgotten at my desk!

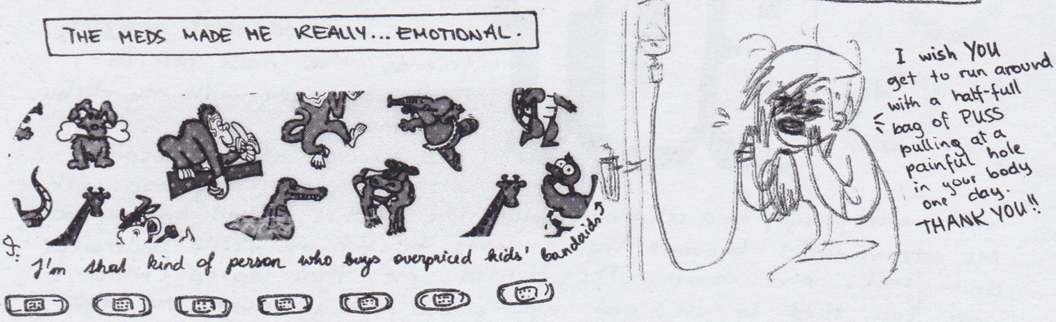


EVERYBODY was so sweet and lovely and helpful. It almost felt wrong because I couldn't say "THANK YOU" nearly often enough, let alone give back. I'm so grateful for these people.

I LOVE YOU! YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE!!♡♡

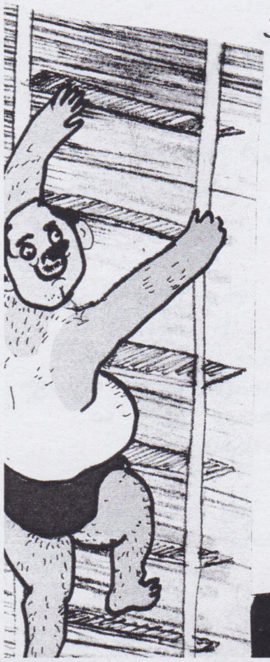
(I HOPE!)





Even after I was allowed to leave the hospital it took quite a while until I could go back to work. I wasn't able to do much and needed shittons of naps, like an old lady. But in between my naps and breaks I had a lot of time. Time to declutter and clean my flat, for example.
I threw out and gave away

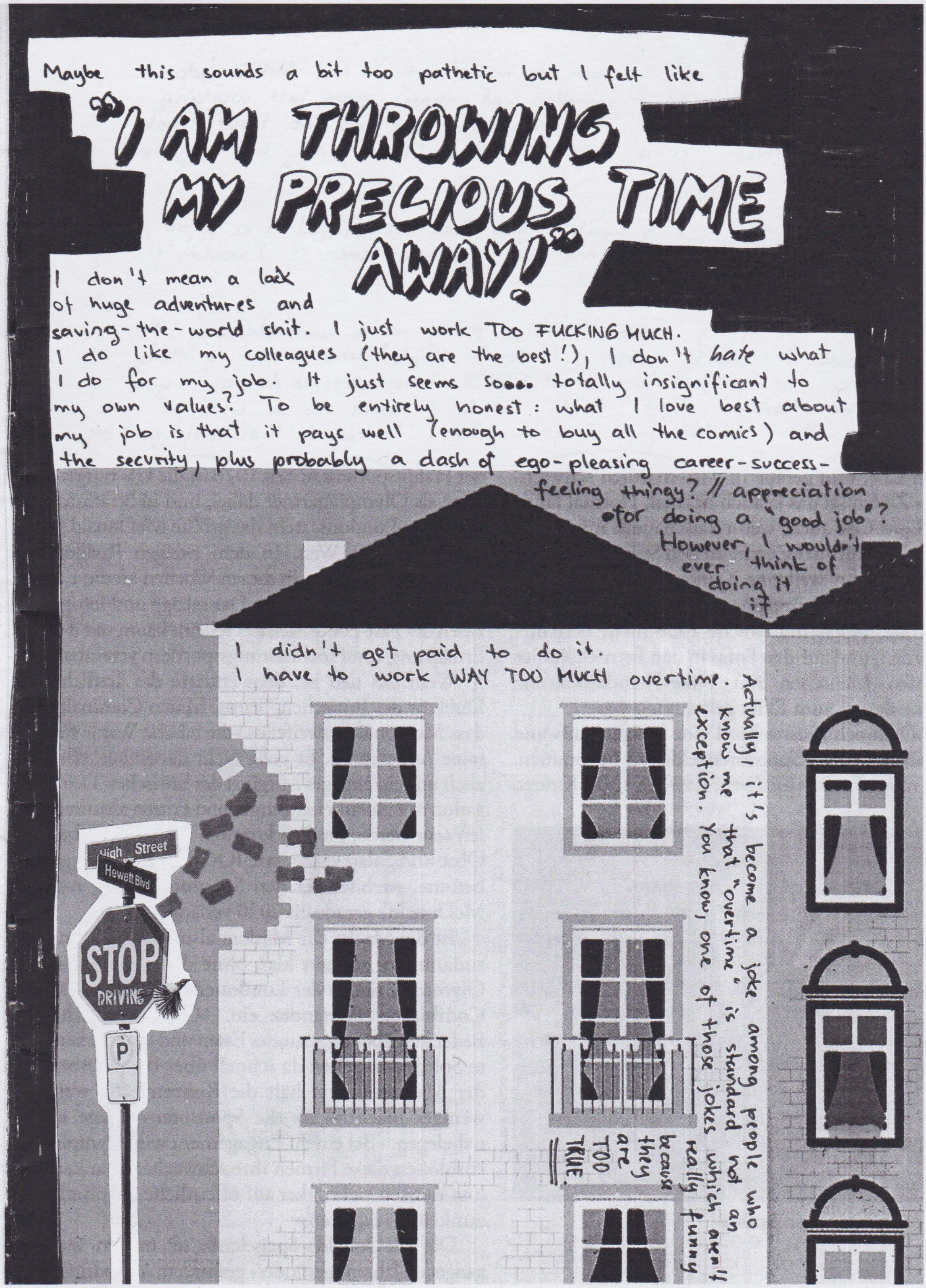
SO MUCH STUFF!





Every bag that went felt like a huge boulder off my chest.
Strangely (?), with the outside decluttering, something inside my head started a clean-up program too. It's not even that those thoughts that came up weren't there before. It's more like I didn't have the time (or will) to **LISTEN** to them before over all the busy & stress & everyday noise.

Getting to experience how fast one's health can be taken away to such an extent, talking to my burnt-out "future" in hospital ... It made me think a lot.
About my everyday life, my work, my priorities, how I spent (so much of) my days...

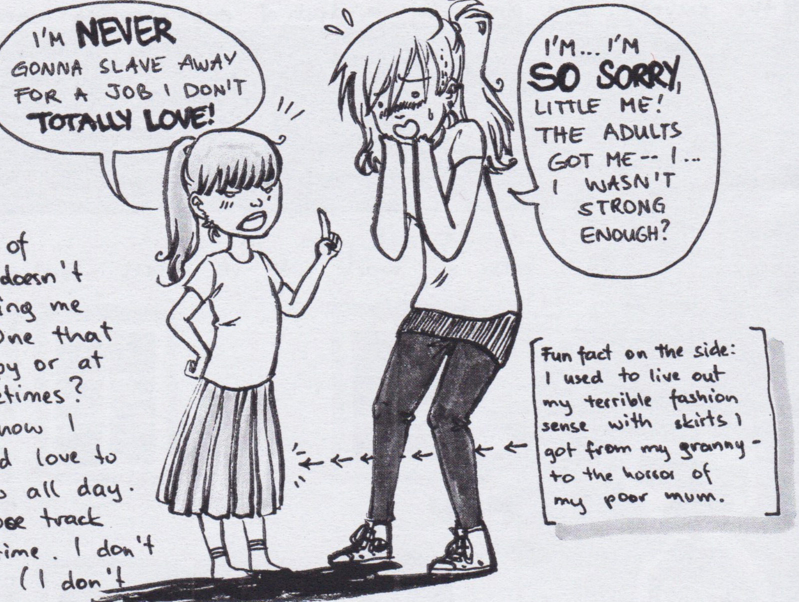


Maybe this sounds a bit too pathetic but I felt like
"I AM THROWING MY PRECIOUS TIME AWAY!"
I don't mean a lack of huge adventures and saving-the-world shit. I just work TOO FUCKING MUCH. I do like my colleagues (they are the best!), I don't hate what I do for my job. It just seems sooo totally insignificant to my own values? To be entirely honest: what I love best about my job is that it pays well (enough to buy all the comics) and the security, plus probably a dash of ego-pleasing career-success-feeling thingy? // appreciation for doing a "good job"? However, I wouldn't ever think of doing it if
I didn't get paid to do it.
I have to work WAY TOO MUCH overtime.
Actually, it's become a joke among people who know me that "overtime" is standard not an exception. You know, one of those jokes which aren't really funny because they are TOO TRUE.
High Street
Hewett Blvd
STOP DRIVING
P

When I was a kid I swore to myself that I'd **NEVER** do it like my dad - spending all those years just working for the money until I'm probably too old to travel/make my little dreams come true (if there'd be any left by then).

I told myself I'd only want a job that doesn't feel like a job, one that I'd do for my own enjoyment even if I wouldn't get any money for it.

Now, I'm fully aware that's a pretty naive understanding of how the world works. I don't think there's such a thing as the perfect job (that NEVER bores/stresses/annoys you in any respect). But I do think I could do a little better than status quo. I feel like I betrayed that little past me.



I don't need to save the world or human lives. All I want is a job that I like doing (most of the time), that doesn't kill me by driving me into burn out. One that makes people happy or at least smile, sometimes? I know I would love to draw all day. I lose track of time. I don't mind (I don't even <u>realize</u>) the hours flying by and sacrificing sleep to finish that little sticker design commission - even though it doesn't pay much (if at all).



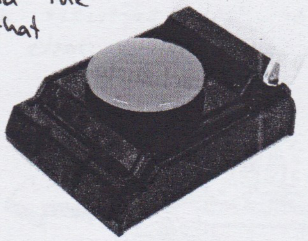


I ♥ DRAWING!

But I'm afraid. I'm way too realistic to not know that there's many people in the field.

People who actually studied arts. People with artistic skills I'll probably never reach. And so many of those high level superawosome artists still hardly get by or need another "dayjob" (or two) to survive. It makes me sad.

I'm too much of a coward maybe. I'm so afraid of leaving the financial security that my current tech-y job offers. What if I left that and the alternative wouldn't work out? I'm afraid that there's no going back. Life isn't a game with a reset button, unfortunately.



If I'd NEED to go back to my old "profession" - wouldn't that be impossible with such a non-career-wise, insane section in my CV?

I think my brain just wants some sort of safety net that I don't really see...
I may not be in the position (or brave enough) to drop everything and leave all behind (yet?). However, I also can't go on like this. I just can't keep lying to myself, telling myself everything is fine and perfect.

I NEED TO DO SOMETHING!

A little step away from this cage towards a life worth living. I'm too old (and probably not talented and rich enough) to quit my job and try getting into some art school.



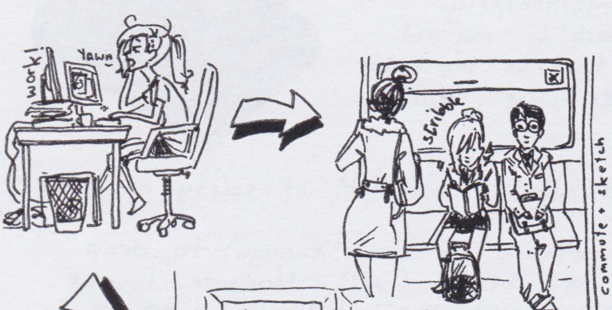
But I want to learn some "basics" of what may lead me in the right direction. This is why I signed up for a trial month at an online academy (one of the two big ones in Germany) for a 3-year course in "graphic design".

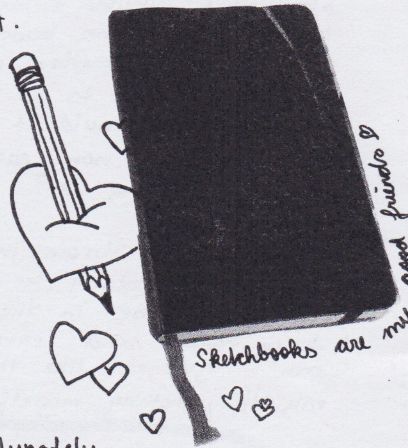


O.K., art-schooled people, you may cringe now about the „Online". But this will (hopefully)

help me learn some tools. It's comparatively affordable and it can be fit into my life (next to my time-consuming job and derby and everything else).
It gives me the feeling that I'm actually, finally

DOING SOMETHING to change my life in a direction I want to go! And I love it. It starts out with real basics. The first half of the program is more or less software skills. But I enjoy completing the tasks and learning all that.









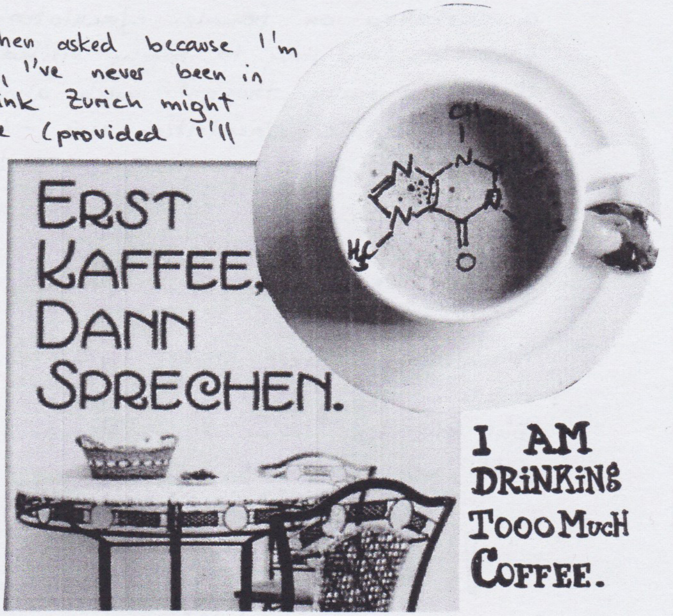
Unfortunately, only about a week or so after I started my graphic design student nightlife, a colleague got fired. Like, weird "GO-NOW"-fired. Instant fired. Well, he was doing fulltime stuff for that software part of our company and after him being gone, there was only one person left with those skills and she is only there halftime. I'm the only other person who has worked with that software before (because I'd filled in for that colleague during her maternity leave) ... so I had to take over his job, at least until we find replacement. Which could take a while due to the rather specific field. That's kind of the problem with such small companies - one person less and chaos happens (we like to call it "the bus factor" - if only one person has the knowledge or skills to do a certain thing and gets hit by a bus...).

At least I'm directly involved in finding both someone to replace the guy that got fired and someone with chemistry or "life sciences" background to help me with searches and

analysis stuff (so I won't have to do everything by myself but rather shift more towards project management and quality assurance etc.).
Still, that stuff takes time and at the moment I have to WORK. SO. MUCH. Gah.

And because that's not enough work crazy, I might have to work 1-2 days per week (for a few months) either in Zürich or Munich. But that's still subject to ... whatever uncertainty. Contracts and things need to be figured out with that client or something. It's gonna be interesting.

But I said I'd do it when asked because I'm a crazy person. But hey, I've never been in Switzerland and I think Zurich might be an interesting place (provided I'll have a little time left to explore after work...). We'll see.



ALRIGHT.

ENOUGH OF THE DARK STUFF. I'm going to dedicate the rest of my pages in this zine [redacted] to more positive things.
(Although, I hope all this didn't read too negative or whiny - I **am** trying to make this a constructive process of fixing things in my life? ♡)

I AM DRINKING TOOO MUCH COFFEE.

On the next 3 pages we're gonna throw in a little educational section! It's about bodily holes, YAY!!

I actually wrote those pages about two years ago after a workshop and only found them again in my "Cleaning / Throwing Out Stuff" phase! This, by the way, shows you <u>how often</u> I've »started to do another zine« ... ahem. Thanks to Chriz again for making me actually, finally DO IT again!! ♡

NOW GO ENJOY SOME INFO ABOUT FEMALE* BODY HOLES...

HOLES in your body you probably didn't KNOW about.

Yeah, I know, right?! Or well, maybe you knew. I know I didn't.

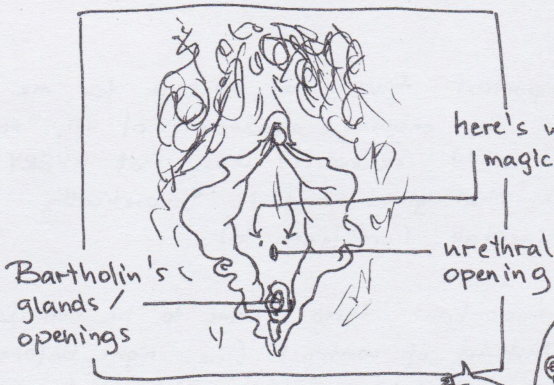
As part of my "leave-the-house-everyday-and-do-something-you-usually-don't" mission, I attended a workshop on female ejaculation in one of my favorite (and way to rarely visited) sexshops.✿ I hadn't really thought much about the matter before. Female ejaculation was - to me - something similar to wiggling your ears: I know it exists and some people can do it, but I for my part have absolutely no idea how such a miraculous thing can possibly be done.

When the speaker started with charts and anatomical basics I thought, "Oh come ON!..." but the next slide (and the accompanying text) left me speechless.

I HAVE 4!! HOLES MORE THAN EXPECTED!!

I was shocked that at 27* years old I still have such poor knowledge about my own body! And I can't wait to ask a friend who studied medicine if she knows. I bet quite a few people don't. If you're among them, don't fret! I will share my newfound knowledge through a poor attempt at depicting the beauty that is the female genitalia.

*whoa, it's been 2 years since I wrote this!





Bartholin's glands (or the respective) openings are a little more often accounted for in books. They make the useful slimy lubricant if you're aroused (hell, who else thought the stuff comes out of their vagina ??).
The really cool stuff (for ejaculation) is the two tiny openings ≈ to the right and left of the urethral opening. Through these comes the ejaculate - a clear-white fluid similar in composition to male ejaculate (minus the sperm. can't have it all, obviously).
It's produced by the "Skene gland" which is located between vagina and bladder – where the "G-spot" is supposed to be (more like the "G-area", really).
If now you're about to throw this zine over your shoulder (and also your panties) and run for a mirror (or your girl*friend), I don't blame you. I couldn't wait to verify it myself. Although, you may have to look around a bit – the openings really are super tiny. It helps to stretch the skin and fiddle around.

The most important take-home message for me (apart from the ongoing amazement of my "new" holes... still can't believe it) was that EVERY WOMAN* has that gland and is theoretically able to ejaculate (or learn to).

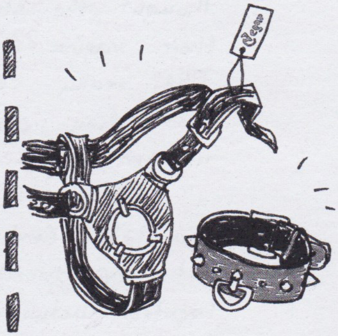
The most important thing seems to be to let go and push instead of contract (i.e. right before an orgasm) and not let yourself pull back because it feels like you're gonna pee. It's not pee. Well, if that leaves you inspired to do some research on the topic, don't forget to chare your knowledge. Your friends might be surprised! I definitely am gonna practise....

* in case you're in Berlin, that's the shop. It's awesome, check it out! (I think there's gonna be a webchop too)

Other Nature

Mehringdamm 79 // 10965 Berlin

www.other-nature.de



→ in addition to fantastic workshops they also have lots of fun stuff - like vegan fake-leather bondage things and strap-ons....



Speaking of

Other Nature

They recently celebrated their 3 year anniversary (I made them a birthday drawing depicted on the right - did I mention it's my favorite sex shop and I love them very much? I do!). They are also currently revamping their website.

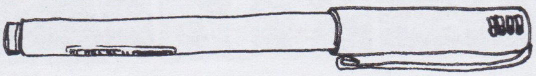
AND I GET TO DRAW THE PICTURES FOR IT!! ♡



(HERE'S A SNEAK PEEK OF ONE OF THEM :) →



There's also going to be postcards and bookmarks and stuff and I'm very excited about it!



Another project I'm really looking forward to is this: I'M GOING TO PITCH SOME DERBY PORN! ♡



Comics porn to be precise.

FF

FILTHY FIGMENTS, an online portal for / provides of "erotic comics by women", are having open submissions at the moment.
I already know the short story I want to do, I just need to make all the stuff they want for proposals.
And hey, even if they don't want my sexy derby porn comic -- I guess I could always make a zine of it instead. ♥♥♥



OTHER THINGS THAT MAKE ME HAPPY:

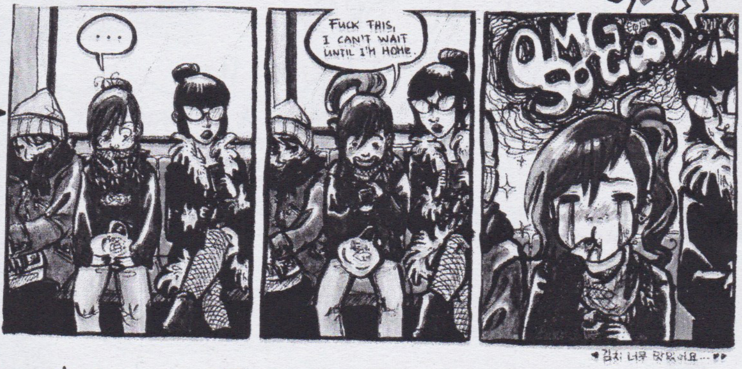
♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

KIMCHI!! Of all the yummy Korean food that I learned to love last year, kimchi is probably my fav! And I'm super happy to have found an awesome source for it here in Berlin: Fräulein Kimchi!



She makes the most amazing (vegan!) home-made kimchi!

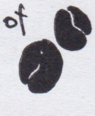
It's so good I had to make a little comic about it to process →

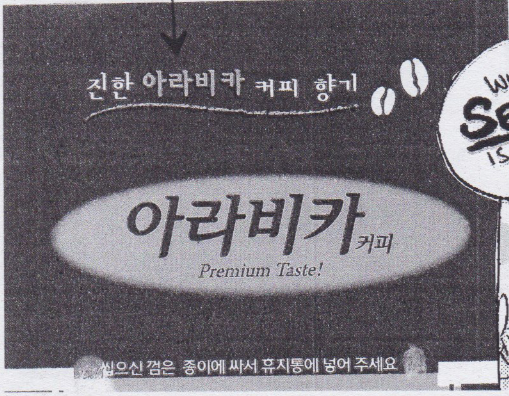


I ate half a jar on the subway on my way home... I'm crossing my fingers for her dream of opening a café with all her delicious Korean/German cooking & drinks. For now, here's where you can find out where to get your dose of Kimchi Goodness:

FRAEULEINKIMCHI.COM

I ALSO LOVE going to Asian stores to forage for food I've never eaten before. (And for pretty candy.) My latest discovery is this coffee-flavored gum. It's weird. I think most people use gum *after* having coffee to get rid of the taste. But it's actually quite nom?!







There's also this grape (?) flavored candy that comes in a green bag. The candy is nice but that bag is the best!!

... BY DAY-
AND MOON LIGHT.
♡

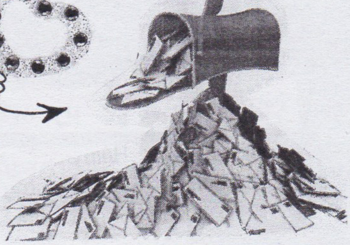


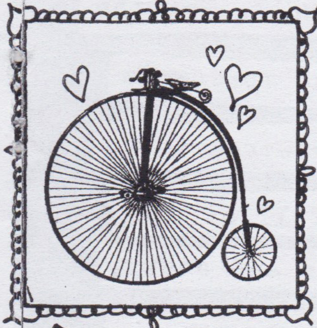




ALL THE TEAS!! (It's tea season again! ♥)

SNAIL MAIL ♥ writing letters to loved ones. And leaving messages on napkins for strangers ♥





TAKE YOUR PRETTY BIKE FOR A RIDE (or your skates!)

Let me explain the bag thing. Have you heard of ASMR?

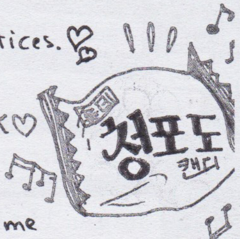
"AUTONOMOUS SENSORY MERIDIAN RESPONSE".

Google it!! (I'd explain here but I'm running out of space...) Apparently, not everybody experiences it but if you do: I highly recommend that candy packaging. It makes the nicest rustling sounds!



ASMR (videos) → is one of my go-to self-care practices. ♥ Give it a try if you haven't?

→ try "albinwhisperland" on YOUTUBE ♥♥



♥ACTS OF RANDOM KINDNESS ROCK♥

THANKS to all the strangers that put a smile on my face. Like that cleaning guy that always wishes me a great day every Monday (and asks if I "fell out of bed" when I'm unusually early). Or that random person that holds the subway door open long enough for me to hurry and get in. Or that cashier that ran after me to give me a free box of dragonfruit juice with a "for you"?? I want to be more of a person like that, too. I still think Chriz' zine has the best title: "TRY TO WAKE UP WITH A SMILE ON YOUR FACE". → LET'S TRY!! ♥ ←

I. WILL. NOT. BE. STOPPED.



The Assistant - Be Nice To Me, I Had A Ruff Day

Try to wake up with a smile on your face. Words are the
lead to the heart, the more we listen, the more were
is for you, this song is for me, the words we've
free. Thank you. I will not live my life full of this
You have allowed yourself to become jaded and angry,
the mold and make myself a new day filled with joy
will continue to sink down deeper into your pity of
rise and be happy once again. What do you hope for?
We raise our fists, and sway our hips. We break our hearts
in the dirt. And we all hold hands. This song is for
havæ listendd. This song is for those who have cared.
with a smile on my face. Each day I wake is a chance
change. Each breath that I breathe tells me that

I will try to wake up with a smile on my face

HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR ANGER AND DON'T FALL TO YOUR FEARS

doorways that

heard. This song

shared have set us

negative energy.

but I will break

and love and you

despair and I will

Make a wish.

and throw them

those of you who

I will wake up

that i can

I am alive.



STRAT

When I started this fanzine I was high on life and totally thrilled by *The Assistant* playing a blasting live set at *Kastanie*. The positive attitude connected perfectly to my just gained new vitality through the decission for a drugfree lifestyle. Didn't have to think twice about the title for my new zine when I heard the singer introducing a song with these magical words:

"Try to wake up with a smile on your face!"

EGY

X

The Assistant (1999-2003) were a positive hardcore punk band from New Jersey even-though they addressed serious subjects within their lyrics such as: sexual abuse, drug abuse, world politics, religion, etc...

[Chriz de Børg]


As I have a weakness for the X in every visible form, this reflection
on the canal in Neukölln gets my attention each time I ride by.

While sorting out (or better say: while *trying* to sort out) stuff for the next (#16) upcoming flat moving action, I rediscovered the booklet for the *Crucial Youth* "posi-machine" album from 1988. What a piece of jewellery! Lovely comics about fully exaggerated attributes of positivity. Just like the following advice not to curse...

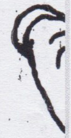


Sick of all that tough guy shit!

When Michelle asked me about writing something for her punk-parenting blog (https://xparenthoodx.wordpress.com/) I first had to think a while about what's the specific thing about punks being parents. Where's the conection? Because at first view there's no difference as far as the daily life duties are concerned. Like all other parents I am permanently overtired, rarely have time for concerts, football, cinema, ... ah for social life in general. Plus household stuff, hanging out on the local playgrounds, stay at home when the little ones are ill, discussing with your child which dress to put on in the morning when you're already almost late on the way to the nursery. shortly: all the daily madness and tasks of raising children.

**i say:
no more tough
guy shit in
hardcore**

But when I go further into the matter and think about this questions intensely, other aspects come to my mind, which let me seeing things clear. Especially those concerning the educational part of the job. Then I indeed consider it as something special to have children as someone with a punk background.



I explicitly associate punk/hardcore with something progressive, something positive, maybe even in some kind revolutionary. To be a punk, having certain emancipatory values, and to be a father let me be in despair sometimes and in general it is a big challenge to find a good way of raising my kids. My subcultural and my political socialisation went hand in hand. For me punk means to question authority and hierarchy. And to question hierarchy necessarily means to question and to refuse patriarchy. So if I identify patriarchic structures, male dominance and misuse of power in society as main aspects of oppression I have to take a closer look at how people act with children, at the values they convey to their children.

And I am faced with so many weird parents on the playgrounds and baby cafés here in Berlin. Sometimes it starts pretended harmless with the choice of the clothes. Bright colours are for girls, dark colours for boys. Well, you might say that this is just a matter of taste, but this already allows a forecast of what comes next. Namely the assumed "natural"/"normal" behavior of boys and girls. Whereas girls should be cute and nice and practicing their predestinated mother role, boys should be wild and rough and standing their ground with muscles. So my job is to discuss with my children the situations we experience and to be as much different/positive example as possible.



And suddenly it turns out and becomes obvious that actually there is a very strong connection between punk/hc and parenthood. It's even a double connection. First there is my just described political standard (let's call these values anarchistic or just human for my sake) influencing the way I raise my children. And secondly there is the situation within the scene with all it's widespread tough guy shit and classic, restrictively lived out gender role models.

I want to empower my daughter to grow up in the conviction that she can do everything she wants. And I want to encourage my son to piss on the corporate demands of being tough like a "real" man. It's still not easy for girls in a man's world, but at least it is a bit more accepted by society when girls break the stereotype, whereas boys are still vilified as "pussy" if they don't follow the unwritten rule of male supremacy. I want my kids to experience and live democracy, to have compassion with other people and animals, to take care of their environment, in short to be no arseholes.

And I want punk/hc to be a threat to this sexist society, to make a change towards equality, to be a space of freedom, where "outcasts", who don't want to follow the law of the fittest, can be as they are. That's why I yearn for a punk/hardcore scene, which stands consequently for feminism or which at least is critically reflecting it's oppressive stereotypes. And there already are good approaches and always have been, which is the reason why I still consider punk/hc as my scene, as an important part of my identity. But there also is the other part in punk and hardcore, with it's tough guy attitude, which permanently reproduces these oppressive hierarchy against womyn and men who are out of step.


FAMILY BAR


TATTOOS

Blackpool

Lighthouse Family - Lifted (1995-2011)

I just came back from a short drive with a borrowed car, where I couldn't change the radio program. Had to listen to a typical crap broadcast - „The best mix from the 70s, 80s, 90s and today!". Beside Boney M and Elton John they played the Lighthouse Family and that reminded me on a day trip from Burnley to Blackpool...
Someone told me it is called the English Las Vegas and that the English marriage prospects celebrate their stag night there, at least if they don't get wasted in Berlin for the same reason. Well, I neither made it there on the weekend, nor got attracted by the casinos. But Blackpool is much more than this. I mean, hey, it's by the seaside and I really enjoyed the vintage peeled off charm of the houses, shops and piers! It was like a trip to the scenery of Sarah Hall's book The Electric Michelangelo, which tells the story of a guy, who grew up in Blackpool back in the days before the wars and who became a tattoo artist.
While lingering alone on the North Pier, daydreaming about a vibrant life a hundred years ago, I forgot everything around me. But then I got disturbed by a cumulative noise, torturing my ears. I didn't realize it immediately, but it continuously crept into my ear canal and then into my consciousness. Finally I noticed that this awful sound was Lighthouse Family's „Lifted" which came out of dozens of buzzing speakers all over the pier. Bad enough, but it became even worse, because it turned out that this song wasn't just played once, no, it came in an infinite loop! I thought by myself this must be a fucking joke or „hidden camera" (popular tv show back in the 90s in Germany).
Unfortunately it was real and it led to thoughts that were not very posi anymore.
Ridden by the fear to get roped into the worst styled decade ever, the time of my youth, the 90s, all I wanted was to break free from this audio torture. I tried to scream, but the wind swallowed up my distress call and Tunde Baiyewu kept singing „'cause we could be lifted, lifted, lifted".
Luckily my instinct of survival safed me from the worst and I fought against sinking in this swirl of bad taste by singing to myself The Smiths' „Panic on the streets... hang the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ!" This at least kept me from the final suicidal dive into the booming Irish Sea under the pier.
Back on the beach I desperately wanted to have a brew in a cosy café, but failed due to the fact, that after 4 pm everything was closed already. Everything? No, a huge fish and chips bar with fryer smog and disco radio was still open. Veeery cosy, haha. I really suggest the city council should fire the responsible tourism manager or better chain him/her to the North Pier for a couple of hours, listening non stop to the Lighthouse Family, Lionel Richie or Elton John.



Berlin-Friedrichshain, Warschauer Straße

learn

„Come on and dance with me!“

teach

fight

Lauschangriff: 80s Disco

LIVING IN THE PAST- Zwei mittelattraktive Schnitzelprinzen legen zur Abwechslung mal unbeachtete und halbberühmte 80er-Megasuperhits statt der altbekannten und durchgenudelten Songs auf. Das heißt: Big in Japan? Nö! Kids in America? Niemals! Dancing with Tears in my Eyes? Maul! Vinyl only- Eintritt frei.

I guess everybody knows quite en detail what he/she was doing on 9/11 or 11/9.

2001 together with my friend I was organizing a film screening in a d.i.y. cinema, just like every Tuesday. Don't remember the film, probably an Aki Kaurismäki or similar stuff. No doubt,we were shocked in way, because like anybody else we already had a bad apprehension what might follow from that attack. So we decided to smoke some grass, like we always did right after we switched off the lights and started the film.

1989 I was waiting for the school bus, but no bus showed up. The driver probably was on the way to the border, like so many others. But I didn't know anything, because in the morning we didn't watch any of our three TV channels. So I went back home, playing with matchbox cars . For the next weeks the world was upside down. Well, to be accurate I have to say, that from that day on the world in the former GDR fell into total chaos as far as the Neo-Nazi movement and its daily terror was concerned. But before I had to experience this, I enjoyed the new colorful toys world of the „golden west“.

In December '89 we went to West-Berlin for a day trip. Waiting in a queue, not for bananas like the years before, but for the so called „welcome money“. 100 DM for each person. We put all together and bought a vacuum cleaner. Unfortunately in the most expensive shopping center, in Kaufhaus des Westens (KDW). For the change I was allowed to buy whatever. I decided to buy a Telespiel (pre-Gameboy) and a LP on vinyl – Alphaville – Forever Young!

Last weekend, almost exactly 25 years later, I stood in Lauschangriff in Rigaer Straße, feeling set back to my pre-teenage era, while dancing with myself to Alphaville's „come on and dance with me“, keeping my eyes shut, having a moronic smirk.

A few days before I already had a big smile on my face. On my way to work I saw a massive ad-busting on a pop band promotion mural. These huge antifa letters stayed entire for a while, until the next advert covered up everything. I thought back to the 90s and the right wing mainstream back then in my home town. Suddenly I went weak at the knees. But in the next moment my heart started beating stronger and stronger. The mix of fear and rage gave way to the awareness that over the last two decades huge successful efforts were made. At least in Berlin a life in peace is quite possible.

This achievement of antifascist engagement is fantastic! But we can't take it for granted! We have to keep the fight! Education and empowerment!



WORDS UPON WORDS
FIX MY HEAD
ISSUE FIVE
RADICAL POC
colossus
zine #01
Eksena
Lokal 2
Don't forget
the struggle
Overdosing In Republican's World
CONFIRMATION
BIAS FANZINE
ABUSE SKAG SLIME
MISTRUST MEAT FAILURE
WASTE OOZE SKUZZ MISERY
LIES
BIOGRAFIA
D.DOG

FanzineReviewsFanzineReviewsFanzineReviewsFanzineReviewsFanzineReviewsFanzineReviewsFanzineReviewsFanzineReviewsFanzine

I decided to only mention the English zines in this issue. All the nice German ones will be reviewed in Try...#9, which will be written in German language again. [Chriz de Børg]

One Way Ticket To Cubesville #16
A5 – 40 pages – cubesville@hotmail.com

Manchester's probably longest running punk fanzine became one of my most famous english zines over the last few years. It's classic like the zines I grew up with in the 90s, with vegan recipes, punk/anarchy bar quiz, record & zine reviews, interviews, political columns, lots of humor and full of passion.
Beside other good stuff this issue comes with a great interview with Angelic Upstarts' Mensi and a really nice special on „punk and running", featuring Dominik Elberskirch (Nothing Comes Easy) and Boff Whalley (Chumbawamba), who also talks about a studio meeting with Ian MacKaye. Punk/HC and sports haven't always had a love affair, just like this historic quote underlines: „Dear Mr PE Teacher. No, Ian hasn't forgotten his kit, he just hates you and everything you stand for. Can he be excused from your lesson this morning. Yours Sincerely, Mrs MacKaye".

Don't forget the struggle #1
A5 – 24 pages – uta83@o2.pl

Polish guy Łukasz, who's living in Bristol/UK now, is doing this hardcore punk zine which comes with a great cover, showing a proud woman from the early 19th cetury, full of tattoos.
As far as the content is concerned, there unfortunately aren't any personal thoughts of the editor or any other columns. That's a pitty, I could imagine that Łukasz could have some interesting experiences to share, beacause the way and what he's writing about in the forword shows that obviously he is passionate about the d.i.y. ethics.
So there are 6 interviews and a tour report. I mostly liked the interview with a couple from London about squatting and the inti with Djaymz from France, who is running the hc/punk/crust label Svoboda Records, which has nothing in common with the extrem nationalstic Svoboda party in Ukraine. He strips the topic „being father and still active within the punk scene", which is „my" topic as well for a couple of years now. Looking forward to issue #2!

Overdosing In Republican World #1
A5 – 40 pages – O.R.W., 308 Clinton St, Columbus, OH, 43201, USA

„The purpose of this zine is killin' time, educatin' and blowin' off steam. [...] We encourage our readers to stay off the internet, write us, and throw some fuckin' rocks for chrissakes." I like this attitude and the way of writing in this punk zine from overseas. And I like the layout, which absolutely fits to the self image of outsider d.i.y. and outlaw punk - b/w, dark, typewriting.
My favourites in this issue are an interview re-print from MRR (April 1988) with Arteria Galeria Inconnu, a mail art group from Hungary, and a text about a cinema visit for a film by Georgian born Soviet director Mikhail Kalatozov. That text is raelly nice written – personal, a bit like a short story. The only thing I was a bit irritated about was a short passage, in which the author is uncritically referring to the Soviet Union 80's punk band Grazhdanskaya Obornona, because there is no comment about the singer Jegor

Letow and his engagement within the National Bolshewistic movement (quite similar to Germany's NS-scene) in the 1990's in Russia. However, I'd appreciate to hold next issues of this zine in my hands in the near future!

Eksena Lokal #2

A5 – 68 pages – eksenalokal@gmail.com

The 2nd issue of this hc/punk fanzine from Manila the is focussed on riot grrrl and feminism in general on the Philippines. Francis gives a good overview about the scene and through interviews and columns you can get some interesting insights.

I especially like the interview with Mitz, who plays bass in Toxic Orgasm, in which she e.g. speaks about hc-parenting. Really nice also the interview with Rachel Ann, who's doing the Believe fanzine. It's great to get some interesting information about zine related stuff in the Philippines. And quite entertaining are the unintended funny parts when Francis, the punk veteran is name-dropping zines „Back in the nineties, ..." and the young zinester answers honestly with „Actually I don't have any idea about those zines that you just said."

Very touching are the obituary. I was shocked how many obviously not very old punks, who passed away, being painfully missed by their friends and families. Some of them even had little children.

'morning sun'

A5 – 24 pages – eatabook@hotmail.co.uk

This is a perfect example that it definitely works to put b/w photocopied photographs into a zine. It really looks fantastic! The motivs are great (bands playing live, urban landscapes, walls of squats and toilets) and the pictures develop a special atmosphere by this simple, though genious copyshop aesthetics.

Two pics on each page, with short typewriter notes below. Impossible to pick out a certain one, because they all a nice, but to see the poster for a Bökanövski show in Grenoble let me searching for their records in my chaos shelf and imitating stage dives onto the couch together with my kids, who mostly call for „wild music" for freaking out jumping around.

colossus zine #1

A5 – 60 pages – facebook.com/colossus.zine

Another black & white photo zine with full page pictures (and a few short texts) from a (rail) road trip through south-east Europe, If I got it right. The motivs are nice, but unfortunately the print job wasn't good, so the pics lost quite a lot of their beauty. Too dark mainly. And it seems to be printed from a file, which never looks as nice as developed photos, glued on the paper and then xeroxed on the old school way.

Dum Spiro #1

A5 – 24 pages – 13-dida@wp.pl

I wish I was able to understand Polish, apart from „kurwa!" I should have taken the chance to learn the language when I had it. However, I didn't regret to pick this hc/punk zine about „anarchizm, wegetarianizm, antyfaszyzm" with a probably very interesting „FamiliPunkFront" special about punks having family/children.

The layout is really nice, with lots of photos, comics and graphics.

BICIOGRAFIA

A4 – 32 pages – docindustries.blogspot.com

What an outstanding idea and what a brilliant implementation! Doc from Lima/Peru(??) thinks back of his life by reviewing his bicycles of the last 30 years. He writes anecdotes and draws incredibly cool illustrations about the bikes he rode. With beautiful calligraphy, the short texts are written in Spanish and in the end also summarized in English. This zine is pure eye candy!

???

A6 – 20 pages – docindustries.blogspot.com

Doc also put out a full coloured photo zine with pictures he took from homeless people around the world. This zine neither has a title, nor it contains any explainations. The phrase „the pictures speak for themselves" describes it to the point. And they are really beautiful! There are several portraits, that show so much dignity. What a fantastic little zine! I wish I wouldn't

have been so tired when I spotted his fanzine table after Beyond Pink finished their set on the Noc Walpurgi festival at Køpi. Now, when I had a closer look on it, I am curious about the developing process of this zine.

Confirmation Bias Fanzine & Cognitive Surplus
A5 – 52 & 68 pages– backonthebins@gmail.com

Max Mitchell is a phenomenon! He creates approx once a year another straight edge fanzine, full of amazing drawings, funny texts and in general on such a constantly high quality/ entertainment level, that it's hard for me to find adequate words to describe my enthusiasm.
The central theme of all his zines about this topic (SxExHxC) is playing with all imaginable clichés and coming up with new ones. He has got all talents which you need to create treassure pearls that probably will last forever and that will become or already are must-haves for the hardcore scene – good power of observation, lots of phantasy, big sense of humor and last but not least the gift to write and draw in a incredibly funny way.
Only sometimes I've got the feeling, that all the pleasant self-irony might conceal a sub-text-message, which maybe anticipates and blames a possible sell-out of you or me or anybody by dropping the edge one day. However, if you don't already have them all, you really should try to get this and a copy of his other zines – e.g. It's Just A Phase, Back On The Bins.

Fix My Head #5
A4 – 36 pages – annavo@riseup.net

Anna Vo's Fix My Head was one of the greatest zine discoveries for me on Berlin's Zine Fest 3 years ago. This zine represents the people of colour punks, who always have been a minority within our white-male-middleclass dominated punk scene. Anna has an enourmous output – 5 (?) issues of FMH and a couple of more perzines during just 3-4 years. You should visit her blog, where you can download the zines. By the way that's the main, if not actually the only way of distribution.
This issue mainly contains interviews, but even if I wish to read more columns, it's totally okay as it is. The interviews are well prepared with good questions and all the people have really interesting things to say. An example is Sara from Chicago, who started the Native Punx Unite zine and network. Or the woman* who runs the Brown Recluse Zine Distro.
The layout is nice. It contains a lot of half- or full-page illustrations and photos.

#HARDCORE N°3
A4 – 44 pages – hashtaghardcore@gmail.com

Since the first issue Daan's passion for hardcore and fanzines impresses me. I like the old school style of his zine, without living in the past.
But all in all it seems to be quite focussed or at least wide open for the tough guy side of hc. And I dislike the completly uncritical reference on patriotic bands like Agnostic Front (N°1) or sexist crap like Integrety (N°3).

Words Upon Words #1
A4 (landscape format) – 24 pages –
soulfirehc@gmail.com

If you are looking for an inspiration how to make a fanzine look beautiful with simple, but really effective stylistic devices, then try to get a copy of this awesome Swedish, English written, hc/punk zine! And also regarding the content this is a really good one. Exemplarily I wanna mention the interview with the singer of Foreign Objects. Already the way the questions are asked is very good: „"Boston Hardcore" is known for a certain conservatism, through Slapshot, Dave Smalley (D.Y.S.), etc. how is your local radical hc/punk scene, and how do you define yourself against such a tradition?". Together with the intelligent answers an interesting interview is the logical consequence.

Nothing Comes Easy
A5 – 32 pages – powerxequality@gmail.com

The 3rd part of Dom's trilogy (which apparently will be extended) about running and hardcore is as brilliant as the other two issues! Great layout, wise quotes, inspirering thoughts on running and life in general. „Don't expect, accept. Great things can be experienced, even when they don't end up on the internet."


Let's do this!
SPLIT ZINE
TRY TO WAKE UP WITH A SMILE ON YR FACE
CINNAMON INSANITY
by Chris & E